

On the Banks of Salee

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One evening, a young lady fair, Her estate rode out to see. When a roguish knight stepped out and said, "Fair maid, you will ride with me."

"So it's you and I together, love, How happy we will be. And we'll both sport together, On the banks of Salee."

She looked at him and then about, And said, "Let me lead the way. For I know these parts quite well, And it's many hours till day."

"So it's you and I together, love, How happy we will be. And we'll both sport together, On the banks of Salee."

She was sly, just like a fox, She went round and round and so. When she saw her plans would work, She was cautious, very slow.

"So it's you and I together, love, How happy we will be. And we'll both sport together, On the banks of Salee."

She rode on a dapple gray, And he on a dapple brown. They rode in the chilly green woods, Three hours before it came dawn.

"So it's you and I together, love, How happy we will be. And we'll both sport together, On the banks of Salee."

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So often he was very rude, And on him then she would frown. At last she said "At father's house, There is a bed of down."

"So it's you and I together, love, How happy we will be. And we'll both sport together, On the banks of Salee."

At last they reached her father's house, And she rode in through the gate. And said "Now I am safe at home, You go before it's too late."

"For it's you and I together, love, How happy we may be. But we'll not sport together, On the banks of Salee."

"Oh, curse all women," then said he, "They'll always man deceive. And he is ever fool enough, Their stories to believe."

"So it's you and I together, love, How happy we will be. But we'll not sport together, On the banks of Salee."

She pulled out a little pen knife, And stuck it in the ground. "I wish this was in any man's heart, Who'd ride for a bed of down."

"So it's you and I together, love, How happy we may be. But we'll not sport together, On the banks of Salee."

"You're like the little white rooster, That runs among the hens. He flops his wings but dare not crow, You are just like one of them."

"So it's you and I together, love, How happy we will be. And we'll not sport together, On the banks of Salee."